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FOR



THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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No. 6.

THE month of ingathering harvests that has passed, proves in the history of our beloved Society a memorable era. By the blessing of God the General Convention is now a delightful and successful reality, standing as a garnered sheaf of golden grain, each grain the fruit of past toil, planted and watched either in home or foreign fields by woman's hands amid hopes and fears.

Of the results of the Convention, we will give details elsewhere.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Extracts of Letters from MISS BRITTAN.

MAGNIFICENT RUINS OF FUTTEHPORE.

During a journey northward, I visited and explored many celebrated ruins, some of which I will try to describe. About twenty-seven miles from Agra, are the remains of a city containing a marvelous palace, built by a great king, Aikbur, in the sixteenth century. We had started in the dim gray light of dawn, so as to accomplish as much as possible in the cool hours of the early morning; and in

this light all we saw seemed very picturesque. At the twenty-second milestone the towers of the deserted palaces we were in search of, appeared. The palace, the mint, and a "magnificent mosque," called by many, the goodliest of the East, now all perfectly solitary, are situated on a steep hill, while the native city lies at the foot. Aikbur forsook the palace almost before it was entirely finished, on account of the badness of the water. I will give you, however, a description of the city as it once was, and you can form some idea of the ruins, which are still in an excellent state of preservation. It was formerly a noble city. Aikbur surrounded it with a high wall, and fixed here the seat of his Government, which was afterwards removed to Agra. The wall remains to the present day, but the city is almost destroyed; its houses tumbled down, and the soil turned into fields and gardens. The distance of one gate of the city from the other is about three English miles. The suburbs were once very extensive, but are now altogether in ruins. Within the gate on the north side is a very large market-place, paved with flints and enclosed on either side with buildings. At the end of this, on the summit of the hill, is the royal palace, adorned with many costly buildings, and beside it a mosque more splendid than any other in the whole East. The ascent to this mosque is by twenty-five or thirty steps, at the top of which is a most beautiful arched gateway visible from a very great distance. Near the mosque is a large building said to have been the mint, but no coin or bullion has ever been found here, nor can any be found that has any inscription of having been coined at Futtehpore.

SELF-SACRIFICING CHILD.

There is a ridiculous legend of the reason why Futtehpore was selected as the residence of royalty. A Hindu Princess was married to the great Aikbur in pursuance of the king's policy to unite the Hindus and Moslems of India into one people. This young queen had twins, but both died in infancy, just as Aikbur was returning from a victorious campaign against a revolting tribe, and he halted here at the foot of a rock in the year 1569. On the top of this rock there lived a faqueer, or hermit. The holy man persuaded Aikbur and his wife to take up their abode for a time in this neighborhood. At the time the king was there, the hermit himself had a babe six

months old. One day the faqueer had been conversing with the king, and on his return to the hut, he took his babe on his lap and played with it for some time. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, this little babe spoke to him and asked what was the matter, and why the conqueror of the world, meaning Aikbur, was so often oppressed with great grief. Accustomed to miracles and wonders, the holy man quietly answered the child "that all the conqueror's children were fated to die in infancy unless some one gave a child of his own to die instead." "Then," said this wonderful child, "by your permission I will die that his majesty may no longer want an heir." Then without waiting a minute for his father to forbid his making the sacrifice, this most marvelous child died in his father's arms. Just nine months later the little prince was born. At the back of the mosque there is a small burial-ground where a few noted persons are buried, and among them is a very little child's grave, which they say is the grave of the self-sacrificing child. It is not at all unlikely that the faqueer's child did die, and that he made up the story to gain credit with the king. In consequence of the prince's birth, and in his honor, the king settled upon the place to build his country residence.

TITLES OF ROYALTY.

The mosque, close by the palace, is the grandest Aikbur ever built; and the magnificent arched gateway is said to be the finest in India almost the finest in the world. On the right hand, as you enter just below where the arch commences, is an inscription to this effect: "His Majesty, Shadow of God, Heaven of the Court, King of Kings, the Emperor!" After passing out through the back part of the mosque, we come upon the small enclosure containing the child's grave of which I spoke before; and among considerable *debris* of broken walls there is an old door leading into a dingy cell. This is said to be the entrance into the cave where the holy man lived till after the king came here; his wife and child living a little distance off, he taking his meals with them, but spending the rest of his time either in meditation or prayer in the cave, which he shared with tigers, bears, foxes, and hares, who in his presence became perfectly harmless.

We had started from Agra before five in the morning, and arrived

at the ruins about nine o'clock. We first took possession of the dak bungalow or traveler's rest, which is part of the palace thus used. Oh, shade of the mighty! Oh, shade of Aikbur! how is it that thou dost not arise in fearful wrath at thy very palace being thus desecrated now by the feet of the infidel? But thou liest mute and powerless!

WISE IN THEIR GENERATION.

Passing out of the mosque, which we must remember formed really a part of the royal palace, we come to a portion of the building which was formerly part of the harem, but is now used for a boys' school. For you must remember among the Mohammedans it is considered a great act of merit for a rich person to pay a saint or holy man to keep school, to teach the boys to read, so that *every boy* may be able to read the Koran for himself. *Is not this a lesson to us?*

A PILLAR OF MAJESTY.

There is another very singular building close by this. On the outside it appears to be two stories high, but when you enter, you see it is only one, being open from the floor to the roof, but in the centre there is a very large pillar rising to the height of the upper windows. This pillar has an immense capitol, three times its diameter, with four narrow stone bridges; you might call them each about ten feet long, which run into the four corners of the chambers. Here, at each corner, is a small landing-place communicating, by a flight of sixteen very high steps, with the ground. The guide tells you that singular place was used by the emperor on state occasions. He would sit in the centre of the large pillar, and as "king of kings, and emperor of the world," would deliver orders for the four corners of the earth to four of his ministers, who would sit one on each corner platform to receive his orders. Alas! alas! for human greatness! How is it the same all the world over? "Man clothes himself with pride as with a garment."

Extract of Letter from MISS COLES.

WORK RESUMED.

We have just commenced our zenana work again after a month's holiday. Some of the ladies have been down to Madras and have

returned feeling well and bright. I have been at home all the time, and feel rested also, and glad to see my dear pupils again. It has been very warm all through the holidays, and at last the rains have set in. Our women and children are delighted to see us again, they seem interested in everything that concerns us. They wanted to know whether I felt rested and well, and what I had been doing with myself the whole month? One woman remembered I had told her that my sister was very ill, and inquired after her, and when she heard the sad news of her death, she was sweet and sympathizing, and seemed really sorry for me. I had opened two new houses for instruction before the holidays. There are two young Bos reading; the elder of the two is a bright, intelligent woman, and is already in the third book. The younger one is thirteen years of age, and seems rather slow to learn. She is often taunted with being stupid, but she really tries to study her lessons, and pays such attention to all I tell her about religion. They are a Brahmin family, and at first I could not get them to listen to the Bible, but gradually they are beginning to like it.

ONE OPPORTUNITY.

One day as I was leaving the house I heard loud groaning, as if somebody was in pain. I asked if any one were sick. The woman of the house, the old mother-in-law, said, "Yes, her daughter was very ill with fever." I asked if I might see her. She said, "Certainly," and ushered me into a very dirty-looking room, where this poor woman was lying on the floor, with swarms of flies on her bed and all around. She did look very miserable. I asked if I might sit with her for a little while. They said she would like it very much; after a short conversation, I asked her if she would like to hear anything from God's Word. She said, "Oh, yes," so I read a few verses and then talked to her about it. She seemed much interested and said, "How good it was of Christ to die for us; I never heard of woe like this!" She was very weak and ill, so I could not read any more that day, but promised to see her again the following week. When I called again she was fast sinking. She did not seem to recognize very much, but as I was leaving she indistinctly muttered something, and the woman said that

she wished to tell me how much she appreciated my coming to her. I can not but feel sure that she found peace in her soul, for she seemed anxious to hear about God and the Saviour. I did not see her any more, for she died five days after. The people in the house seemed fond of her, and she was allowed to die quietly in the house instead of being hurried away to the river's side in her dying moments, as is the general custom. This poor woman was a widow, and very young. I feel always grateful that we have an opportunity of speaking to those women of the house who do not read with us, and that we are permitted to see them even in their dying moments. Some of my pupils are very careless and indifferent about their souls. Pray that they may be awakened and brought to a knowledge of the truth.

Extracts of Letters from MISS WOODWARD.

MORNING VISITS.

Our early visits at the zenanas, although attended with considerable personal discomfort, have afforded us an excellent opportunity of seeing real Hindu domestic life, such as the mode of preparing and eating food.

Some of the homes, at such times, often present strange, amusing, and busy scenes; the rooms, which are usually closed, being now thrown open, and numbers of women running about, some of whom are peeling and chopping vegetables, others pounding spices, or rolling other ingredients. One will be fanning the fire, another cleaning fish, while others are scouring the brass kettles or platters in which the food is to be prepared. The floor is their table. All this preparation has been made for the breakfast of the Babu, whom you may presently see partaking of that meal sitting on the veranda, his plate in front, and a jug of water beside him.

Breakfast being over, he dresses for his office in faultless white raiment, which falls in graceful folds around him, his hair well oiled and arranged; pumps, and sometimes white stockings, complete his toilet. To meet these Babus in the street or elsewhere you would never imagine that they came from such dark, damp, dirty homes. After the women have prepared their husband's breakfast,

and he has left for the office, they are more at leisure and do not mind stopping to read the lessons, while several women seat themselves around us, listening to our conversation. We close our lesson with singing, in which they are much interested.

A SACRED COW.

One day as I was coming out of a zenana the mother-in-law was standing in the court beside a cow. I opened a conversation by asking if the cow gave milk. "No." "Then why do you not sell her and buy one that does?" "We must not sell a cow; we pay poojah (or pray) to her." "What good does that do you?" She could not tell, only their fathers and mothers had done so, and their Shasters commanded it.

SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

Another time my little Bo called after me, "Do not go yet, for I have just sneezed, and your gharry will upset or something will happen to you." I told her nothing would happen to us because she had sneezed; God would care for us, and she had probably taken cold. She seemed quite surprised that I did not share her fear. She is a timid, gentle little creature, and although she has no regular teacher, she has learned the Saviour's mission to earth, and two or three texts relating to it. Her husband is intemperate, and sometimes treats her so badly that her mother-in-law has to take her to her own mother in order to save her from the violence of her husband.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

One of our pupils has recently expressed her desire to profess Christianity, saying that she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was willing to confess Him before men. On being asked if she thought that her husband would be willing that she should take this step, she replied, "No, but he is not greater than God." We replied, "God wants you to love and serve Him just where He has placed you, so that those around you may see that you are the better for loving Him."

PERSONAL ADORNMENTS.

In one of the houses where I have pupils the mother is reading from "Bible Stories" about the ten virgins, while her infant lies on

the floor beside her, his neck, waist, wrists, ankles, and toes ornamented with brass chains and rings, while a dirty cord on his right arm completes his dress. There is more of comfort in this room than in many of those where we teach. On the walls are hung pictures of the Good Samaritan, and Elijah fed by the ravens. It is encouraging to find these Bible scenes taking the place of the hideous pictures which we have seen.

Another of our pupils, a dear little woman, sits on the veranda, curled up in a chair while she reads to us ; rows of flowers in full bloom cheer the eye, and give an air of refinement to the home. Her dress is peculiar, consisting of a variegated sarree of pink, white, and black silk, with an orange border, and is gracefully thrown around her. She wears a heavy gold necklace, two chains, three rings in each ear, heavy gold bracelets, silver anklets, and bells on her toes. She has a very tender, kind heart, as is shown by her having taken to share her home, one who had lost her husband and son. She has to-day brought her to me, as she says, to hear the "good words." I am sure that the Lord will reward her for her kindness and love.

A WORKING CHURCH.

Let me tell you of my church privileges. Our little church is a growing one, and is doing a good work among the young. We have a fine Sabbath-school, considering the mode we have of bringing the scholars together. They have to be conveyed from and to their homes by gharries, the hire of which is quite expensive. I have a Bible-class of more than a dozen young ladies. Eight of them have already joined the church. A few weeks ago, at the monthly missionary meeting, Rev. Mr. Roberts, a Welsh missionary about to return home, gave an interesting account of God's work among the people of the Cossa hills, where he and his wife have been working for the last twelve years. He told of the conversion of a Cossa Rajah and his family, who gave up his rights to the Rajahship and an income equal to \$5,000 for his love to Christ, saying to his people, "You can take away my turban and cloth (throwing them down), but you can not take away my covenant with my God. No, blessed be God, that stands sure. I hear His voice saying, 'I have made a covenant with my chosen ; my covenant

will I not break. Who is like unto our God who keepeth His covenant for ever ?' "

On Tuesday a ladies' prayer-meeting is held, and once in two weeks the native Christian women are present for a short time. Sometimes twenty-five women come to hear the Bible read and explained.

This little church is also engaged in zenana work under the pastor's supervision.

I feel personally the blessing of God in my health and strength, given, I think, in answer to the prayers of dear ones in America.

Extract of Letter from MISS STAIG.

VISIT FROM NATIVE LADIES.

Last evening one of the servants came up-stairs and told us that visitors were waiting to see us, and long before they came in view we knew who our visitors were. The Indian women wear a great many anklets on their feet ; some have very little bells hung round, and these produce a most musical sound. Our visitors were five in number, three ladies and two little girls of about seven and nine years of age. The ladies wore very fine white sarrees with colored borders to them. The little girls wore sarrees too, but they had green silk jackets, stockings, and shoes, with very large green bows. They all wore a great many jewels. One of them showed us her ear-rings, just big tassels composed of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, set in gold filagree. Miss Brittan used to teach these ladies some years ago ; but when one of the family were converted, the house was shut up. It is now again open to Christian instruction, and one of our ladies visits there regularly. After a little conversation we took them over our house. They are always very curious to know how we live. Before they went away we gave them some pictures, with which they were very much pleased.

Extract of Letter from MRS. BROWN.

WELCOME VISITS.

In a funny little house built on the top of a stair lives a Hindustani woman who, when I first visited her, was utterly ignorant of even the name of the Bible, yet she seemed pleased to see me, and I take real pleasure in visiting her. She tries to have everything very neat, and makes the most of her little room. On the top of the stair, and before entering, there is an open space about three yards square that is filled with flower-pots bearing flowers and shrubs. There they have built a small arch-way of bamboo work, and this is covered with Indian vines and creepers, all of which is pretty and attractive. Each Thursday when I call she has ready a small box covered with a white cloth for me to sit upon (they do not possess a chair), and has her slate and books all ready. She seemed greatly interested in my first Bible lesson; "Oh," said she, "hearing such things as those will make me very wise." I tried to tell her that the Bible would make her wise unto salvation. Her mind can take in but very little at a time, so I always give a very short Bible lesson.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

I have another house where lives a Bo and her mother-in-law, and I think of all my pupils this one is most anxious to improve. The first time I called, after giving the Bible lesson, the mother-in-law was very angry and said it was wicked to hear such things; the second time the mother listened outside the door, and after I went away she told her daughter that those were very beautiful words; and the third time the old woman came and sat down during the whole of the Bible lesson, and told her daughter to "pay great heed to what was said, for the words were *very good*." And so it is; rarely a day passes but we have some gleam of sunshine—I do not mean actual results, but signs of the breaking down of the strongholds, superstition and ignorance.

ALLAHABAD—India.*Extract of Letter from MISS GHOSE.*

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

I noticed in my visit to Nynee Tal that a number of Bengali Babus go up every year there, and some of them take their families. Miss Ward took some Bengali books with her, thinking she might teach, but I am sorry to say we were disappointed. We heard of one family, but the Babu would not let us even see his wife. While looking for them we met a doctor and asked him if he had any objection to our visiting his family. He said "No," so we made an appointment for ten o'clock the next morning. We found his wife was a Hindustani, and did not understand a word of Bengali. The husband was Bengali, but like many others who have lived generation after generation in the North-west, could not speak it either. He understood English, and said he had been in the dispensary in Nynee Tal. His wife was a very pleasant woman. I tried to make her understand a little, with my Calcutta Hindustani. She had learned to read Hindu from a Bible woman sent round by the Methodists, and had heard something about God. When we were leaving, she gave us a present of a large plate full of almonds, raisins, walnuts, and two cocoa-nuts.

A WELCOME HOME.

On my return to Allahabad my pupils were glad to see me, and I also to see them. I found them all ready for me, except two, a mother and daughter, who have gone to Calcutta. The widow, in whose house I teach a little girl, has commenced to learn Hindu, and reads the Gospel of Matthew in Bengali. I am learning Hindu, so as to be able to teach her. She is one of the most interesting pupils I have, and it is a great pleasure to teach her. She loves to read religious books. Before she began learning she would come and sit by me regularly every week, and when I gave the Bible lesson, always asked questions about anything she did not understand, especially about Christ. But there is one thing she will not do, and that is, *touch* me. When she gives me a book she tosses it into my hand, and I have to do the same to her. I have great hopes that the seed being sown in her heart will not be in vain. She is very young, not more than twenty, as she became a widow when almost a child.

Extracts of Letters from MISS CADDY.

A MARRIAGE OF POLICY.

“Kaminee,” one of my pupils who was removed from our school, but continued lessons at her home, where I also taught her mother, has at last been married. The bridegroom is quite a young man, and since the ceremony has taken place, they do not find him as satisfactory as they had expected. This is frequently the case, especially when one of the party comes from a distance, when it is impossible for them to know much of each other.

Kaminee was getting to be such a big girl that they were in despair of finding a husband for her, her mother telling me that if she were not married this year they would lose their caste! So the uncle came down all the way from Lahore and went to Calcutta, where he found this young man, who was willing to marry on condition that his family gave nothing to the bride, all the expenses of the wedding to be borne by Kaminee’s family, and the bridegroom to receive a present of one thousand rupees. All that Kaminee’s father required of him, was that he should live with them and study law. Now that the ceremony is over, he refuses either to remain or to study, but demands his money, so that he can return to Calcutta immediately. He is an unprincipled young man, and addicted to drink. This is very sad for poor Kaminee, but as it can not be supposed that the child loves him, we hope that she will be content to remain with her parents. It is indeed a great blessing that she can remain with them and is not obliged to go and live with her mother-in-law, where she would probably be subjected to ill-treatment from her husband and his mother.

Although I visited the house frequently during the preparations for the marriage, and even while the ceremony lasted, Kaminee was, of course, too much occupied with what was going on, to care to listen to any religious instruction, so I did not urge it upon her. Since her marriage, however, she has been reading again. One day her mother and grandmother both being out, I had a long conversation with her. I sought to ascertain, if possible, what impression all the recent gaieties had made upon her mind, and to place before her the duties and responsibilities of life, telling her that in her own

strength she would be unable to meet those responsibilities, but that Jesus was willing to be her Saviour and friend if she would accept Him as such. She seemed much impressed with the conversation. Let us pray earnestly that she may indeed be led to accept Christ, and to cast all her burdens upon Him.

BLACK-GATE COTTAGE.

I met recently with a strange case, that of a woman who proposed to put off thinking of God and salvation until it was time to die. I suggested to her that death might come suddenly and leave her no time for preparation. With the utmost indifference she replied, "Oh, in that case we would turn to ashes," an expression which means "we would be utterly lost." This woman with another are taking lessons from me, and reside in the first Bengali house that I have seen called by a special name. It has a large black gate, and on one of the side-posts is a piece of paper under glass with the name written on it, "Black-Gate Cottage."

MISTAKEN ZEAL.

In another house which has recently been opened to me, I met an old woman who must be quite advanced in years, as she has a widowed daughter living with her who is more than fifty years of age. This old woman is very religious, constantly performing her poojahs, and frequently going to the Ganges to bathe. I thought it a remarkable instance of her zeal when she told me that once during the Sepoy mutiny of '57, when the English and Bengalis were being murdered on every hand, she went to bathe at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges rivers, a spot near the fort, and considered very sacred by the Hindus. She very nearly forfeited her life by her rashness; she went in company with another old woman, but her devotions occupied her so long a time that her companion left her, and as she was returning alone, she met a Sepoy, who demanded her money; on being told that she had none, but was simply returning home after a visit to the Ganges, he attempted to seize a brass vessel in which she was carrying some of the sacred water, as also to take her silk sarree. She resisted and begged to be allowed to go her way in peace, whereupon he threatened to cut her throat. The thought of dying away from the Ganges seemed

to her worse than death itself, so she entreated him to return with her and murder her on the banks of the sacred stream. Just then an elderly man came up, drove the Sepoy away, and took her to her home.

It was pleasant to see that this old woman, grown old in the service of her gods, still retained in her heart some of the precious seed dropped by Miss Bond, who had visited that house some years ago, and though she was not a pupil, had frequently spoken to her as she passed in and out. When she heard that I had come, she left her poojah and came to see me, saying, "she feared I might have left if she waited to finish." She spoke with great affection of Miss Bond, remembered much of her teaching, and said, "Oh, yes, it is all true;" yet she can not, in her heart, have accepted it or she would forsake her idols. God grant that the seed sown may take root, spring up, and bear fruit to His honor and glory.

MR. MOODY IN INDIA.

A dear friend in New York sent us copies of newspapers containing detailed accounts of the meetings held by Mr. Moody. How wonderfully the Lord is using their services for His glory. We have read these accounts with the greatest interest. I wish that we had a number of copies to distribute among the Babus, particularly among those of the "Brahmo Somaj." Many among them are earnest men seeking light, and I am sure often feeling the insufficiency of their need to satisfy the longings of the soul.

Mr. Moody puts the Gospel forcibly, and yet simply, and at the same time shows so plainly the lost and needy condition of men, it seems to me that they could not but receive the truth.

A PRESENT.

One day one of my pupils brought me a New Testament. I turned to the fly-leaf and there found that the Babu, her husband, had received it as a prize when a boy in a Mission school; she asked me if I had ever seen one like it, and said the Babu would be pleased if I would accept it.

She seemed surprised when I thanked her and told her that I had one, and taking up my Bengali Testament, from which I was in the habit of reading to her, showed her that both were one and the same book.

Extract of Letter from MISS ANTHONY.

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

The Hindustani school was the first place I visited after my return from the Hills. Before I left, the Bo thought she would not be able to continue having the school in her house, but when I went to her after the holidays, I found her looking quite bright and hopeful about the children.

She was sure that more would now attend, and thought it best to make another trial. She has thirteen scholars at present, while the number is steadily increasing; and I find them improving very much. There are a great number of little girls in the neighborhood who might come to the school if their parents would allow it.

A young Bo, whose husband was ill when I left, has, since then, become a widow. She still lives with her mother-in-law and her mother, who is also a widow.

They are all in great grief at the death of the young husband, and when I called they all came around me to hear the Bible-lesson. The Bo's mother-in-law asked if death were not the punishment of sin, and on my saying "yes" she said, "But I have not committed one single sin, nor did my son do anything that was wrong, so why has he died so untimely a death? It must be because in some former existence we were possibly great sinners, and are now receiving the punishment of those sins." I spoke to her then about transmigration of souls, showing her what our Bible taught us to believe in regard to death and the soul. The next time I was there she asked me if I would not tell her more about our God. They have no comfort or hope whatever in their own religion, and her sorrow for her son is great.

Yesterday she was altogether in an argumentative mood, and as soon as she sat down near me she began by saying: "There is only the one God—the only difference being, that some worship Him in one way and some in another. Your Christ and our Kristo are one and the same person." I said, "That cannot be, for your Kristo did many very wicked things, and our Christ was a pure and sinless Being. Beside that, Kristo did nothing for you—nothing to save you from your sins." She answered, "Yes he *did* do something for me." "What did he do?" "Why, he did—he did—well! and

what did your Christ do?" Then I told her what Christ had done^e and suffered for us, being the sinless Son of God he was able to make atonement for our sins, and also left a good example for us to follow.

Extract of Letter from MISS RODERICK.

CULTIVATING FLOWERS.

A month ago there was scarcely a blade of grass to be seen which was not dry and wilted; but the rain has now changed everything. The grass is fresh, and the sky, which has been dull, is clear and intensely blue. Although this rainy season has its discomforts, yet in comparison with the month of June it is to me very comfortable. In June a steady west wind blows from 9 A. M. until 6 P. M., so hot that unless it passes through a wet mat to every door at the west of the house it would be unendurable. Few of the zenana women use these mats. Their houses have roofs made of bamboo, covered with carved tiles, which are placed in two layers, one straight and the other reversed, without cement, through which the hot air rushes, without impediment. If the houses have two stories the occupants leave the upper and live in the lower rooms till the cool months. When the houses have only one story there is no alternative but to stay in them through the hot months.

We have lovely flowers in this season; and Cannington—that is the part of Allahabad where the English residents live, and where our Home is situated—has the roads lined on each side with a single row, and in some instances with a double row of trees, which makes it shady for travelers who have to go on foot. Nearly every house in Cannington has a garden or a piece of ground attached to it. In the native city it is different; the houses there are built against each other, and few of them have gardens; but I have noticed wherever there was space, the Babus always take advantage of it by planting roses, jasmine, tube roses, and oleanders. Strict Hindus use flowers for their daily poojah. These, if not obtained from their little gardens, are bought for the purpose. I once asked one of my pupils why they used flowers at their devotion. She answered, "If friends come to visit us we show our love to them by giving them

the best of everything ; so we offer our gods flowers because they are so beautiful !” This sentiment ends here, for their other religious rites and ceremonies are not suggestive of the beautiful, true, and good.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I have one pupil who is a Brahmin ; her little girl attends our school. The Bo wears the vermilion streak above her forehead as a sign that she has a husband. She lives with her mother, as I have been informed that the husband is insane. The house they occupy has only three rooms—one a kitchen, the other a bedroom, and the third a sitting-room. This room has on the floor a coarse mat of grass, pressed flat and woven together. The days I visit the house I find a low seat made of bamboo placed for me on the mat ; the Bo sits on the floor and recites her lessons. She wears no jewels ; her dress is of a coarse muslin ; but it is pleasant to see the expression of contentment on every face. Both mother and grandmother are proud of the little girl, who has learned to read nicely and sing pretty Bengali hymns.

I have been sadly disappointed in another of my pupils, who had shown great interest in the Bible, and seemed anxious to follow the truth. A month ago in visiting her house I was informed by the daughter-in-law that she had left her home to spend the rest of her life in Benares, where their gods are supposed to be nearer than to any other place on earth.

A MISSIONARY of Southern India states that in a native congregation the Christian members give at the rate of six pice on every rupee, or thirty-two per cent., as their monthly subscription to worthy objects.

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Extract from Letter of MRS. PIERSON.

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

Here am I for the third time in the Hakone mountains, enjoying my vacation amid scenes of grandeur and beauty.

Last week I made an excursion, and visited a delightful spot. As I sat under an awning enjoying the prospect, a traveling play-actress stopped at a house just opposite, and began her monotonous performance. My curiosity was excited, and I called her to me. She had walked 150 miles in pursuance of her calling. She related to me a story partly in song, partly recitative, as a specimen of her powers. It was a tale of love, jealousy, imprisonment, suicide ; and so ended the melancholy tragedy. Her voice certainly expressed all the emotions of the heart—joy, grief, hope, fear.

At the close I said, " Now I will tell you a story," and briefly related the sweet, sad story of the Cross, also described two pictures of the Prodigal Son, which pictures have been almost invaluable to me for the past few years, always accompanying my journeyings, and have been described to hundreds of persons.

The actress listened to me at first restlessly, but at last with fixed attention and interest. A crowd had gradually gathered around us, and so this was my first opportunity of reaching the people. I distributed to them some little papers and books before they dispersed. In the afternoon we held a meeting in a neighboring house, and toward evening I visited a sick man at the hotel, and had a very interesting talk with him and his wife who had been instructed by the Roman Catholic teachers. They both belonged to the better class, and I became deeply interested in them.

We started for our home at seven o'clock, but a heavy sea fog had come up, and we could not have found our way, had not our guide obtained a bundle of dry bamboos at an old hut and improvised a torch. Our loving Father suffered no harm to befall us.

" OH, BAAL, HEAR US ! "

On entering the village, the saddest scene I have ever witnessed presented itself. It was the time of the evening sacrifice, and

families were seated in ranks beating their metal instruments, and calling upon their false gods. As of old, it seemed as if they cried, "Oh, Baal, hear us!" But, as of old, there was no voice, and none to answer! In all this superstition and darkness, I seemed to hear the glorious promise from Isaiah: "And He will destroy in *this* mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations."

There have been many blessed opportunities here of speaking the truth as it is in Jesus. Indeed, they occur daily.

On Sunday thirty-four children gathered at our rooms to learn the commandments, and the hymn, "Jesus loves me." In the evening the room was again full; hundreds of adults crowded around us.

A MEETING OF HOPE.

I must now tell you a little of my outside work since my return to Yokohama. About two weeks since, Okuno (a devoted native evangelist) came to me with a pressing invitation to hold a meeting at Tomioko, which, you know, is in Tokaido, perhaps twenty-five or thirty miles from this port. I promised to go if the weather would admit, but our rainy season has lasted about eighty days and the roads are very bad. The morning dawned unfavorably, but it did not rain, and having promised, I felt constrained to go. Lasee and Naree accompanied me. Over most horrible roads, up and down hills, we spent twice the usual length of time in accomplishing the journey. Upon arriving, we found Okuno waiting for us, and a large audience assembled, some of whom had come from a great distance. The number increased while we were singing our first hymn, until there were one hundred and fifty, or more present. Okuno gave the meeting up to us and sat perfectly still listening like any other auditor. But there was something more powerful than my own will constraining me—the love of Christ—and I could not keep still. After the first few words, every feeling of fear departed, and I believed that the words flowed as freely as they would in my own dear native tongue. During the entire meeting, no one spoke or moved. There could not have been a more attentive audience in America. I hope and trust that those small grains of truth will bear some sheaves to the glory of the Lord of the harvest.

Extract of Letter from MISS MCNEAL.

A STRANGE HOME.

I spent last week at a little village just across the bay, six miles distant from Yokohama. In my charge were twelve girls from the "Home," who, having no places to go to in the vacation, and being in need of some change, were provided this week of pleasure. We spent the time in a part of an old Buddhist temple, the priest and his wife occupying another portion. Our arrangements were very simple and primitive. There were no chairs, except the bamboo chair which I carried with me. The mats on the floor and a couple of benches served for the children's use.

We carried with us from the "Home" a good stock of bread and such provisions as could not be easily obtained in the little village.

The old priest and his wife were very kind. I feared that our little girls might disturb them, as they were happy and full of childish glee from morning to night each day of our stay; but the priest seemed to like to sit in his door and watch their antics in the yard.

The village contained about one hundred houses and three temples. I was very desirous to hold some informal meetings in our rooms, and asked permission of the priest, who at first objected but after a time yielded a tacit consent, and his wife went out with me one afternoon, accompanied by two of our Christian girls, and invited the people to come. I had with me one of our Japanese servants, who is an earnest Christian, who could aid me in my attempt to speak of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When our audience came together that same evening, we found twenty-four adults, besides a number of children. It would have saddened, as well as gladdened, your hearts, could you have witnessed the eagerness with which they seemed to listen, as I tried to tell them of the One true God.

The next evening some came again, and seemed, if possible, more eager to catch every word said, and they listened to the singing with faces all aglow, though they understood not the words we

sang. It is this "psalm-singing" that is helping to press open the door for the entrance of the Gospel.

As the people left after each meeting, they thanked me again and again. As to how much of this was mere courtesy on the part of this very polite people, I am unable to say, but they showed their interest in their faces, and I shall want to meet them again from time to time.

I was particularly interested in the case of the priest, for he seemed very anxious to hear all that we said about Christianity, and asked the loan of books referring to the Bible. He said it would be impossible for him to embrace a new religion, as he made his living by his services in the temple, but he seemed to feel that in time the Christian religion would become the religion of the Empire. This thought evidently troubled him, for he said he knew not what would become of the poor priests.

You can readily imagine the difficulty of undertaking the task of helping a pagan mind to understand that the Great God is able to open a way to obtain a livelihood, yet I could but feel much hope for this special case.

When we left the place, this priest thanked me again and again, and invited me to return at some future time.



ENGLISH FOR MISSIONARY USES.

IN the schools for Indian children the Government now requires the English language to be taught—properly, because these young Indians must be trained to become American citizens. Among the Chinese in this country, some of the more enterprising desire to learn our language as a means of promoting their secular interest; and our Christian people may well avail themselves of this desire to impart to them, as far as practicable, the knowledge of Christ. In India, multitudes of boys and young men are learning English, to aid them in becoming clerks in government and mercantile service, and to secure such public offices as are open to natives—and most of the missionary boards try to turn this Anglo-education feeling to useful purpose by imbuing the schools with the spirit of the Gospel. In other countries a similar desire of English exists, though to less extent—unless it may be in Japan, where it is of marked degree.

Home Department.

Narrative of the Convention.

THE November number of THE MISSIONARY LINK has been held back by our printer that it might at least bear to distant friends and subscribers a few words concerning the Convention held October 17th, 18th, and 19th, in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is impossible, therefore, at this time to give the full and satisfactory account of the three days' meetings, which would afford pleasure and gratification to our readers. Such a report will be issued as soon as it can be satisfactorily arranged and prepared for publication; and that it will furnish a valuable addition to the annals of "The Woman's Union Missionary Society," there can be no doubt.

At present, there is but time and space for a brief narrative of the circumstances attending the meeting; its general features; and apparent success.

The season of year selected was auspicious. Out of the very heart of October, three golden days lent their peculiar charms of air, earth, and sky, to make the occasion favorable and winning.

The church in which the meetings were held, was, in respect both of location and convenience, finely adapted to such a gathering. The spacious and elegant auditorium was supplemented by Committee-Room, Chapel for devotional meetings, parlors and kitchen—all were freely placed at the disposal of the Convention, and the intelligent, faithful services of the sexton of this church and his assistants, facilitated and aided the system, forethought, and tact by which the whole management of the Business Committee was characterized.

The meetings opened daily at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Chapel, where a brief half-hour was spent in devotional exercises. Mrs. Brunot, of Pittsburg, Mrs. Rufus Clark, of Albany, Mrs. Williams, of Philadelphia, presiding.

The exercises were simple, informal, and tender, and under their

heart-subduing influence some spoke earnest words of gratitude and love who had never before yielded to a like impulse. At 10½ o'clock the public meeting held in the church was conducted by the President of the Convention, Mrs. Prunyn, so well known in connection with the Society's work in Japan.

Reports from branches, auxiliaries, and personal friends occupied each morning until 12½ o'clock, when all ladies present were cordially invited to adjourn to the spacious church parlors, where each day young lady representatives of the various Mission bands in Brooklyn, served a delightful and attractive lunch. The importance of this social hour cannot be overestimated.

The afternoon meetings were devoted to written and verbal reports from our own missionaries, also to interesting addresses bearing on the stated topic of the occasion.

The evening meetings were of more public and formal nature, presided over by distinguished pastors, Dr. Budington and Dr. Inglis, of Brooklyn, and Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, of Albany, N. Y.

Among those who addressed the Convention, were Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn ; Rev. J. T. Gracey, of India ; Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York ; Rev. Jared Scudder ; Mr. S. E. Warner ; Prof. Griffis ; our own missionary Miss Kyle ; Miss Smiley ; Mrs. Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia ; Mrs. Brunot, of Pittsburg ; Mrs. Cronyn, of England, and several others. These addresses all related to the one subject of woman's work in the present day, and the majority of them bore directly upon the special theme of our own Society's missionary work in foreign lands.

Of the apparent success of this Convention, there can be but one opinion. It disarmed criticism to such an extent that those who came to query, remained to participate and enjoy. Mrs. Prunyn proved in all respects an admirable leader—impartial, courteous, patient, and thoroughly responsive. It is but just to say that to her is due the first thought of this gathering, and great aid in its perfected plans.

The constant presence of our venerable President, Mrs. T. C. Doremus, lent a great charm to the meeting, as strangers and delegates were happy to meet one so widely known and beloved.

The addresses were, as a rule, exceedingly interesting and appropriate ; some were eloquent and grand.

A new and quickening impulse has undoubtedly been given to our Society, which, we trust, will bear it forward on wings of prayer and service to a glorious future. W.

Mission Bands.

It was apparent to all who attended the various meetings of the Convention, that one marked feature of the work accomplished during the past fifteen years, by our Society, had been the successful co-operation and sympathy of the young. The "Mission-Bands" have been a charm and ornament, encircling the "Woman's Union Missionary Society," from its earliest formation; nay, they have been its life and support. What is to be the future of these Mission Bands, as time brings to their first childish officers the cares of maturer life? Are there no more warm-hearted, eager, zealous, youthful volunteers ready to step forward, assume the task, and perform the labor essential to keep the Band in healthful existence?

This is to be the special question of this coming winter's work: "What shall be done in our churches and Sabbath-schools, our villages, to keep up the Mission-Bands?"

Let each one of us take this query home to our hearts, and by forethought, tact, ingenuity, and above all, by humble prayer, seek a solution of the problem.

The methods of work adopted by the Mission Bands in the past have been as varied as the names they bear. This is right and natural; therefore more likely to succeed than if inflexible rules were laid down by which all Bands must be governed.

There are two points to be aimed at in the organization of every Band: first, to raise money; and next, to secure such social elements as **may** tend to elevate, refine, and quicken the warm, sympathetic natures of the young.

Money may be raised by payment of one yearly subscription, or in small weekly or monthly installments; by each member owning separate subscription books; by the "envelope system," as it is called, or in any way which seems best adapted to the circumstances

of the particular case ; only let the money be promptly, systematically secured and paid over to meet the demands of the general treasury.

To secure social interest, meetings may be held weekly or fortnightly, varied by an occasional "tea-party," where busy hands may contrive fancy articles for sale at a parlor fair, or stitch the garments needed by the poor at home.

That the coming winter months may witness zeal and progress among our many Mission Bands is our earnest hope.

A Sanitarium in India.

ONE of the topics brought for discussion before our Convention was the wisdom of purchasing a Sanitarium in India, and as the subject met with a spontaneous and hearty response, a word or two of explanation for our readers may not be amiss.

We own large and commodious premises in Calcutta, and similar conveniences in Allahabad, on a smaller scale, which have been a necessity for the prosecution of the varied mission operations carried on under the auspices of our Society. But it must be remembered that both of these "Mission Homes" are located in a latitude which makes any labor peculiarly exhausting to the nervous system of foreigners. Our readers doubtless have often noticed in the familiar letters of our missionaries the early hours in which their zenana work must be prosecuted to avoid the fearful heat of a tropical noon. A yearly rest is imperative in certain seasons, and the question as often arises, Where shall the vacation be passed to secure the needful invigoration? As mountain resorts are not as accessible as in Japan, long journeys must be taken, involving great fatigue and expense, to reach even the hospitable Sanitariums of other missions, which have always held an open door for our representatives.

In June, 1870, Miss Brittan forcibly presented the peculiar needs of this "House of Rest" for our faithful workers in India, and received then the first stones for the building in the gift of \$500.00,

from Mrs. N. Thayer, of Boston. Six long years has this foundation waited for its corner-stone, but the pressing claims of the Society in other directions prevented the presentation of the subject before our friends. During last summer, Miss Brittan was obliged, from debility, to pass some time at the Sanitarium of the Reformed Mission at Coonor, and there the great needs of a place of rest for our mission became more deeply impressed upon her mind. Our other missionaries fully endorse the urgency with which this fresh claim is pressed. They have laid before us many reasons why this mountain home may become a station for mission work which can be successfully prosecuted as our representatives in turn may be residing there.

At the Convention, the importance of this purchase met with so much of sympathy, and the wisdom of other Missionary Societies was so apparent in the provision made for their enervated representatives, that \$1,500 were quickly pledged by some generous hearts, the pledges, in many cases, being as speedily redeemed.

We have but to remember our experience of last summer's excessive heat, and the eagerness with which we escaped from the crowded city to the purity of mountain air, or the invigorating seashore, for some relief, to appreciate what our faithful toilers on India's torrid plains ask of us.

Strong Words.

[The September LINK contained a brief notice by Miss Crosby of the school examination which had at that time just closed. We now copy an editorial from the *Japan Fortnightly Review*, giving a more extended account of this examination, which is interesting as bearing outside testimony to the faithful labor and abundant success of our teachers.]

“The schools, public and private, of this city, have recently passed through their annual examinations. Among these was the school for Japanese girls at the American Home. There were about eighty scholars present, whose ages varied from six to twenty years. Each lesson to the very lowest was translated into the vernacular of the people. The intermediate class, first grade, were examined in Men-

tal Arithmetic, Second Reader, Primary Geography, and Spelling. The second intermediate in Practical Arithmetic, Third Reader, and Geography. The senior class in Fourth Reader, Higher Progressive Arithmetic, Grammar, History, and Wayland's Moral Science.

"The examination in Arithmetic was not confined to the mechanical process, but the problems were read and explained. The most complex fractions were, in many instances, solved, and the reasoning process presented to the audience.

"The programme of the last afternoon consisted of selected readings and original essays. One thing very conspicuous in the latter was the religious element which is the basis of all true nobility and goodness. The readings, particularly the humorous selections, were rendered with *eclat*. Several poems were read by classes in perfect unison and with expression. There were also English sentences dictated by the audience to be written upon the blackboard. This exercise was performed with promptness and precision. The students' writing was of uniform character, bold, firm, regular, and clear. Their spelling, with a few exceptions, was excellent. The free, joyful spirit pervading this school, in which fear is no element of government, was manifest. Sacred song seemed to flow forth from their hearts with a spontaneity and freshness that could not fail of awakening a hearty response. The system of education is the same as that of American, and its success is manifest in the progress of its beneficiaries. The Bible is the prominent text-book, and it is both read and studied with profit and pleasure. A system thus founded upon the invincible principles of truth and religion, and justice, can not fail of success and triumph. We understand that an examination of the Japanese and Chinese departments, in which the scholars reflected great credit upon their native teacher, has just closed."

YOKOHAMA, July 20, 1876.

Practical Missions.

"IN the new Livingstonia Mission, on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, not only religion, but the industrial arts are to be taught, and some attempt made to develop the resources of the country. Besides Dr.

Stewart and other ministers, several artisans, a skilled agriculturist, a gardener, a member of the press, and others form the party."

We clip the above from a newspaper as suggestive of common-sense and practical attempts to elevate and Christianize savage nations.

In our own Society's mission-work among women there has always been a *practical* element which has gone far toward winning the hearing ear and gaining attention for spiritual truth. The ladies sent out, have found that all their powers were needed to make them successful teachers of God's truth. The time spent in giving sewing lessons, or over bits of embroidery and lace, in singing or music lessons, has not been lost time. Besides filling the vacuum and dispersing the ennui of unoccupied minds, the pupils thus instructed, have been by means of industry, skill, and cultivated taste, led into a higher and purer atmosphere where they could do for others the little household tasks which convey love, sympathy, and affectionate forethought.

The religion of Christ is an active, useful, practical religion. It casts out sloth, confusion, and neglect, it brings in order, economy, and beauty; it drives far off the spirit of selfishness, and inspires feet and hands, as well as the awakened heart, to say, "What can I do?" "Make use of me."

"By this Craft we Live."

A RECENT able letter from Southern India to the *New York Illustrated Christian Weekly*, states two important obstacles to the spread of Christianity in India. 1st. The impurity of the whole system of Hindu idolatry and superstition. 2d. The fact that such multitudes of the people are dependent upon the temples for their livelihood. Under this head many facts are stated which seem almost incredible in their magnitude and importance. In one single town the writer learned that seventy houses were occupied by temple people, among them many "dancing women." Some of the great native festivals are but abominable and ignominious proceedings, which to describe even in public print would be considered an injury to morality.

The *Bombay Guardian*, edited by Rev. George Bowen, an American missionary, recently contained a leading editorial entitled, "The Rice Argument in Hinduism," rice being the staple food of the native population, and equivalent to the "Bread Question" of England and America.

After enumerating the many, many classes, from the Brahmins down to "idol-makers," "idol-dressers," "money-lenders," "flower-sellers," "pilgrim-hunters," who go about persuading people to visit certain shrines, the writer adds :

"A great deal might be said upon this subject, but this will suffice to show how marvelously Hinduism has managed to bind to itself by bonds of pecuniary interest all classes of the community. A word against Hinduism, especially a word that seems to have power in it, is by Hindus looked upon as a direct assault upon that by which they get their living—an attempt to snatch the bread out of their mouths."

A Cordial Word.

THE following letter from Rev. Nathan L. Rice, D.D., Professor in Theological Seminary, Dansville, Ky., (former pastor of the church in New York over which Dr. John Hall now presides), was sent in acknowledgment of having been made Life Member of our Society by Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Louisville, Ky. :

"I appreciate very highly the honor you have done me in making me a Life Member of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. I prize this as an expression of regard from a valued friend and as connecting my humble name with this noble enterprise, which I consider as one of the favorable signs of the times in this eventful age. The action and united co-operation of pious women in the work of Foreign Missions furnishes the missing link in this glorious enterprise, and it will give a new impulse to the work. I doubt not, in years to come, the Society already so useful will report large results. May God bless it in its good work. Yours truly, NATHAN L. RICE."

Mission-Band Department.

A Beautiful Object-Lesson.

MR. YORKE, a gentleman whom I met, told me something about his Sunday-school which, I think, will interest the children at home. He has a large boarding-school for native Christian boys, and here he prepares them to become teachers, and when a young man is fully qualified, he sends him to start a school for heathen boys in his native village.

Well, he had one boy, or rather, young man, (suppose we call him Gopal,) whom he felt was qualified to teach, but he was of very low caste, and most of the people of his village were of high caste, so Mr. Yorke feared they would never accept Gopal as a teacher. He was most anxious to begin, and at length, Mr. Y. told him if he could himself collect together a school numbering twenty, he should be employed as a teacher. In a very few days Gopal came to say he had that number. So his school was started, and in a few weeks he had a very large and flourishing school, which was managed admirably.

Every Sunday the teachers of all these different village schools that are within walking distance, say six or seven miles, collect together all that will come of their day-scholars, and bring them into Mr. Yorke's school-house, where they have a large, grand Sunday-school; the Christian boys taking classes to teach the heathen. There each Sunday one of the older boys, after the classes are over, makes an address to the school. Gopal made an address a few weeks ago, with which Mr. Y. was particularly struck. Gopal held up a white jessamine to the children and asked, "What is this?" They answered, "A jessamine."

Gopal.—"Where did I get this?"

Children.—"From Ramee Samee's garden."

"But did Ramee Samee make it?"

"He watered it, and so it grew."

"But he might water stones forever and would they grow?"

"Oh, no."

"Then who made it to grow?"

"The great God!"

"Well, you see God first gave it to Ramee Samee; and he thought it was so beautiful, that it would please me to have it, and I think it is so beautiful that it will give you pleasure to see and smell it. Now see how good God is, by this one little beautiful flower He has given pleasure to so many." He then went on expatiating on the goodness of God in giving us so many things, not merely those that were necessary for our life and absolute wants, but in giving us so many things just to please our senses.

"This flower has something else beside its beauty to please us. Suppose a man were to come into your house of a dark evening with one of these flowers in his hair, and it should all be covered over with his hair and turban so that you could not see it; could you know he had got it?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By its perfume. The scent is so strong that we should know it was in the room."

"Well, dear children, this jessamine is the emblem of love. When you can see that love expressed in outward acts, it is very beautiful. But if any one has it really in the heart, it is always sure to be known. The moment that person comes near you, he may not do some great act of love or kindness, but his face will look so pleasant, his words will be so kind, and his whole manner will be so nice that every one will feel that the atmosphere of

love surrounds him, just as when any one has a jessamine or other sweet-scented flower hid in his hair, yet it is known. And so, dear children, with Him whose name is Love itself. Jesus, the great Saviour of the world, the great pattern of Love—He called Himself by the name of a sweet-scented flower. ‘I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.’ He went about doing good. Every one who came near Him felt His love and tenderness.”

Was not this an excellent lesson to be given by a native Christian boy? H. G. BRITTAN.

“We Are the Buds.”

A Sabbath-school teacher was trying to make his class understand the dependence of the branches on the vine.

“Jesus is the Vine, we are the branches; we get all our life and happiness from Him.”

“Yes,” said a little girl, “Jesus is the Vine, grown-up people are the branches, and *we are the buds.*”

How we Keep Busy in Calcutta.

THE dear young friends in America who help to support and educate the little orphan girls in our schools, will like to know more about their every-day life. I have the charge of the Foundling Asylum and can give a good account of the children there.

They are constantly occupied; there is neither time nor place for drones in our hive! During the warm weather, they are up at five o'clock in the morning. I hear their merry voices under my window earlier sometimes than I care to, especially when it has been a warm night, and I am trying to indulge in a morning nap. After bathing and dressing, the girls have “chotta-nay-ree,”

which means "little breakfast." At seven, I call the roll, and we have prayers, conducted by Martha, our dear native teacher, who is a most patient, earnest worker among the children. After prayers, sixteen of the girls bring me their written lessons for correction. At eight o'clock the pundits (native teachers) come and remain until twelve. After a hasty lunch, or "tiffin," as they call it here, consisting of coe and water (coe is something like parched corn), they go to the work-room until four o'clock, where they are very busy in making "chowkerdars," clothing, shirts, and drawers for the Police. In this way they earn three hundred rupees a month, or about one hundred and fifty dollars. They are generally supplied with this work about ten months in the year; the other two months they are engaged in making their own clothes.

Each child has four unbleached jackets and skirts, and two bleached ones for Sunday use. Their clothes are very simple and plain, but the older girls save their pice, which they earn by dusting, etc., (a pice is worth one and a quarter of our pennies,) and buy black braid or a little edging for their jackets, or a bit of ribbon with which to tie their hair. I am very glad to encourage this care for their appearance, if it only keeps them clean and tidy.

MISS MARSTON.

An Ice and Snow Home.

IN the cold, bitter cold North, live a people whose name is familiar to us as the Esquimaux, but about whom we have given very little thought, except when we smile over their quaint faces and dress. But some good missionaries have thought very pitifully and tenderly of them, and have been willing to bear cold and hardship never before imagined, that they may tell the Esquimaux of Jesus and His love. One good missionary, who lives

on the shores of Hudson's Bay, wrote of a wonderfully *warm* day for December, when the thermometer stood at *fourteen degrees below zero!*

From these self-sacrificing servants of God we have learned how the Esquimaux build their strange homes out of the heavy snows and ice in that frigid climate.

First, they go to the wide river mouths, where the snow has become quite solid, and then, with something like a butcher's-knife, they cut out square blocks almost the size of stone ones used in our country for building purposes. They lay these on, in a circular form, until they look like a large bee-hive; and with no tool but the knife, which serves as a trowel, they shape them rapidly, and arch the whole without any support, save sometimes a single pole.

The house grows almost like magic, for the stone and mortar are of snow, which freezes so rapidly that it is quickly a solid mass.

One good missionary lived in one house, which was twelve feet in diameter and nine feet high. Half of this snow-house was filled by a bed, which was raised three feet from the ice, and covered with boards, on which deer-skin rugs were the blankets. Opposite the bed was the low entrance, like that in a dog-kennel, of which the sole door was a block of ice, which was shut at night. The only way in which one could enter, was by creeping in, using alike hands and knees. One block of clear ice formed a beautiful window, which was made very secure by the rapid freezing. A long shelf of snow, inside the house, held the only lamp, which was made of wood, like a trough, with moss on its sides, which formed the wick, and this was kept oiled with the fat of the seal or whale, which gives heat as well as light.

The good God has carefully provided for these poor Esquimaux, who are much more warm-blooded than we,

so that the missionary often noticed their hands were quite hot to the touch, even while they were sitting without exercise in their frosty houses.

During those long winter nights when the sun was gone from sight, the faithful missionaries taught these peculiar people the Gospel story, to which they listened eagerly. They had only thought of a Good Spirit, who would aid them in catching the animals, whose furs they used or whose flesh they ate, and knew not of what we call good and evil. With tender, patient love, the missionaries have spent years in teaching them the only happy way in which to live on earth, and the beautiful home prepared for them, as well as for us, if they learn to believe on Jesus as their Saviour.

Will you not think, dear members of Mission Bands, sometimes of these dwellers in homes of snow?

S. D. D.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

- Mrs. Thomas H. Skinner, by "Cincinnati Branch," Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Miss Cora C. Norris, by M. B. "Rhinebeck Gleaners," Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Mr. James Kembo, by "A Friend."

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from August 1st to October 1st, 1876.

Branch Societies & Mission Bands.	NEW JERSEY.
♦♦♦	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Northampton, "Norwood Band," Miss M. A. Allen, Treas.	
5 00	
\$5 00	
CONNECTICUT.	
Guilford, "Tilly Mission Band," Miss Sarah Brown, Treas., proceeds of fair.....	
100 00	
\$100 00	
NEW YORK.	
Canandaigua, "Alice Band," per Miss Kittie M. Antes, for "Allie Antes," Smyria.....	
90 00	
Kinderhook, "Daisy Collier Band," per	
22 12	
\$112 12	
	Chatham, "Oak Ridge Mission Band," per Miss Sarah Wallace, for sup- port of "Bella," in Cal.....
	50 00
	Hackensack, "Chase Band," per Mrs. W. Williams, for India.....
	25 80
	Newark, "Persis Band," per Mrs. J. Howard Smith, for articles sold, 5; from Mrs. Elizabeth Smith and Miss Ellen Smith, N. Y., 20.....
	25 00
	New Brunswick, "Forget-me-not Band," Miss M. A. Campbell, Treas.....
	13 00
	Newton, "Byington Memorial Band," Miss M. M. Hoyt, Treas.....
	30 00
	Orange, Brick Church S. S., J. M. Taylor, Esq., Treas., for "Mary Dwight," Cal., 50 in gold, pre- mium 5.....
	15 00
	\$198 80

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. O. F. Avery, Sec. and Treas. (See items below).....\$109 52

Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands..... \$525 44

Other Contributions.

VERMONT.

St. Albans, Mrs. Gregory Smith.....\$15 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, per Mrs. Samuel Prunyn, Highlands, N. J., collection, 8; Miss Maria Smitts, 1.30; Saratoga collection, 61.10; Rev. C. F. Dowd, for life membership of Mrs. C. F. Dowd, 20; Glens Falls collection, 21.30.....\$111 70
 Catchogue, L. L., Mrs. S. D. Whaley.. 2 00
 New York, Mrs. James Williamson..200 00
 Poughkeepsie, First Cong. Church, per Mr. John J. Marshall..... 20 00
 Tarrytown, S. S. of First Reformed Church. Mr. J. H. Vail, Treas., for Bible-reader in Japan..... 25 00
 Yonkers, Miss Mary Crosby, for child in Japan..... 50 00
 \$408 70

NEW JERSEY.

New Brunswick, "A Friend," for "Hope Leighton," Cal., Miss M. A. Campbell, Treas.....\$12 50

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, 24; birthday gifts of Charles Stephens Rogers 6.86, Kate E. Rogers 5.25, all for Kate Rogers, Calcutta....\$36 11

MICHIGAN.

Ionia, Miss M. B. North, avails of exhibition.....\$10 00

ILLINOIS.

Neponset, Rev. Geo. W. Coleman.... \$1 50

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Emanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, Rev. A. Walkley, for Miss Brittan's work, per Miss Sabine.....\$12 96

Subscriptions for Missionary Link..\$18 65

Total other contributions..... \$510 42

Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands..... \$525 44

Total from Aug. 1st to Oct. 1st, 1876.....\$1,035 86

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON, *Asst. Treas.*, W. U. M. S.

RECEIPTS of Chicago Branch.

Balance due on Mrs. Mather's needle-books\$ 37
 Centennial offering of Mrs. Taylor.... 1 00
 A friend in Chicago, for support of "Mary Grant," in Calcutta 20 00
 Mrs. H. W. King, for support of "Fannie King," Calcutta..... 30 00
 Mrs. O. B. Wilson..... 1 50
 Sunday-school of Second Presb. Ch., for support of "Hannah," in Calcutta..... 33 00

Link subscriptions..... 2 40
 Mrs. Reed, for Leaflets..... 25

\$88 52

Added..... 21 00

\$109 52

MRS. O. F. AVERY, *Treas.*

RECEIPTS of the Philadelphia Branch, from August 1st to October 1, 1876.

Through Mrs. E. A. Pierce: Mrs. Jas. Fenton, 5; Miss Mary Crowell, 5; in memory of Miss M. A. White, 10; Miss Helmbold, for Link, 50c. \$20 50
 West Chester Auxiliary, through Miss S. J. Farley, Sec.: Episcopal Ch., 46.05; Baptist Ch., 4; Mrs. Lewis, 10; Mrs. Farley, 10; Mrs. Darlington, 5; Mrs. Lent, 2..... 77 05
 Six months interest from Harriet Holland estate..... 490 00
 Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Susan

Longstreth, 10; Elizabeth Morris, 10; Mrs. Theodore H. Morris, 10; Mrs. Fred. W. Morris, 10; Mrs. Wm. H. Morris, 5; Anna Morris, 5; for Bible-reader under Miss Brittan; Miss M. A. Longstreth, for Bible-reader under Mrs. Bennett, 50.....100 00

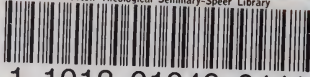
\$687 55

H. J. KEEN, *Treas.*

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